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with a colicky baby or a colicky stomach isn't pleasant. Either can be avoided by keeping a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER on the medicine shelf. It is invaluable in sudden attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea. Just as valuable for all external pains.  
DOSE—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

bright days passed with naught save pleasant hours.

One beautiful August evening, when the red glow of the western sunset filled the sky, Veronica stood under the shade of the tall lime-trees, watching the evening light. A happiness had come to her, so great, so sudden, so entrancing, that she was dazed by it, bewildered. For Sir Marc Caryll had asked her to become his wife. She did not know till then all that slept in her heart—the love the passion, the tenderness—and the waking had startled her. She was lost in wonder at herself. The crown and the glory of her womanhood had come to her. She rejoiced in the new and perfect happiness; she opened her whole heart to it. It was such chivalrous wooing, and he loved her so dearly. No one could ever have been so dearly loved before. She stood there thinking of it, with a smile of perfect content on her face; and as she did so, Sir Marc came to her.

"I have been watching you," he said, "until I have grown jealous of the sky and the foliage, and everything else that your beautiful eyes have rested on. What have you been thinking of?"

"Of nothing in the wide world but you," she replied.

"Of me, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, joyfully; and then he told her what he had come to ask—when she would be his wife.

"You are too kind ever to be cruel, darling," he said looking at the beautiful flushed face. "I told you long ago how lonely my home is. I want 'the angle in the house'—I want you there. You cannot tell how dreary it seems to me. Veronica, when will you come to me?"

"Not yet," she replied shyly; "it cannot be yet."

"Why not?" he asked.

"You have only found out that you love me,"

"Nay, Veronica," he said, smiling: "I found that out long since. I was coming last July to tell you so, but poor Sir Jasper had just died."

She turned her face away lest he should see the quiver of pain on it.

"Sir Marc," she said, gently, "you never asked me any questions about my family or my home in Venice, or my fortune."

"Lady Brandon has explained," he replied. "Your father was a great friend of Sir Jasper's, she tells me."

Veronica made no reply. She could not tell him the truth, but she would speak no false word to him—never one. He continued:

"I care nothing about your fortune, sweetheart, I am a rich man—so rich that I am troubled at times to know how to spend my money. I lay it at your feet. You are mistress of every thing that belongs to me. When will you come to me, my Veronica? You have nothing to wait for. Do not be unkind and send me away."

She made no answer. In her heart she wished to be near him, but the very consciousness of it prevented her from speaking.

"This is July," he said; shall we say September, Veronica?"

She agreed; and Sir Marc was so determined to keep her to her word that he went at once in search of Lady Brandon and told her. He brought her back with him to where Veronica still stood under the limes.

"I leave my interests in your hands, Lady Brandon," he said. "I shall return, with your permission, to marry Veronica on the twentieth of September. You will promise that she shall be ready?"

Lady Brandon promised.

"I do not think that I can live away from her altogether until then, Lady Brandon. Will you invite me to come down in August?"

"Come whenever you will, Sir Marc," said Lady Brandon.

He pressed the hand of his love.

"I have bound you, sweetheart," he said; "you can never free yourself again."

And, looking at his handsome face, his eyes lit with love, she said to herself that separation from him would be death.

**CHAPTER IX.**

August has come with its ripe, rich beauty; the fruit hung in the orchards, the gardens were a blaze of color, the barley and the corn were ready for the reapers. Sir Marc had come down again to the Chace.

Those who had seen Veronica when she first reached England would hardly have recognized her had they seen her now. The beautiful face had changed so completely; the pale, passionate loveliness had deepened into something more lovely still; there was more color, more brightness; the dark, love-lit eyes had in them the radiance of full and perfect content. Love had beautified her, even as it had beautified her life.

On this August morning she was in her pretty boudoir alone—alone, for Sir Marc had gone in search of something to please her. He lived only to make her happy. She stood in the midst of a hundred beautiful things. Lady Brandon had determined to present her with her trousseau, and a large chest had arrived that morning from Paris. Veronica had looked at her magnificent gift. It did not strike her as it would have done at

another time. She could think only of her happiness and her love. She was smiling to herself, wondering whether a girl was ever so blessed, so happy, when some one rapped gently at her door. She looked up in surprise when her maid, Clara Morton, entered the room.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Di Cynthia, if you can spare the time," she said.

Veronica made some courteous answer, and felt even more surprised when the girl closed the door and fastened the lock. The large, long window that led to the terrace was open; neither of them thought of it.

"Why do you do that, Morton?" asked Veronica.

"Because I have that to say to you which must be said without interruption."

Veronica looked up with haughty displeasure.

"You behave very strangely," she said; "I do not like it." She looked fixedly at the girl, whose face was not pleasant to see; there was a livid light in her eyes, an air of cringing, yet of defiance, in her manner.

"You must listen to me, Miss Di Cynthia," she said. "I hold a secret of yours, and I must be paid for it."

"You can have no secret of mine," returned Veronica.

"But I have," said the girl. "Listen to me. I am engaged to marry John Palding, who once lived here as head groom. We have been engaged to be married for eight years, and fortune has never once smiled on us. He saved three hundred pounds and put it into a bank. The bank broke, and he was left penniless. I saved sixty pounds, and invested it in a building society which became bankrupt. Fortune has never once smiled on us until now. Now John Palding has an offer from a farmer in Australia. If he can go out there, and take five hundred pounds with him, we shall make our fortune."

"I do not see what this has to do with me," interposed Veronica.

"I do, Miss Di Cynthia. I hold a secret of yours, and I want five hundred pounds as the price of my silence."

"You are talking nonsense, Morton. I can only imagine that you have lost your senses."

"You will find, on the contrary, Miss Di Cynthia, that I was never more sensible in my life. Let me tell you what I have to say."

Veronica looked at her. In the excitement of the interview she had risen and confronted her.

"Come to the point at once, please," said Veronica. "What have you to say?"

The girl looked uneasily at her mistress; the color came and went in her face; her eyes drooped. Raising her head, she said suddenly:

"It is for John's sake; I would do anything for John."

Veronica gave a sigh of resignation. What this strange scene meant she could not tell, but it would end at sometime, no doubt. Morton heard the sigh.

"You are impatient, miss," she said. "I am coming to the matter. I do not like to speak of it to you; you have been a kind mistress to me. But it is for John's sake; I would do anything for him."

"Will you be kind enough to come to the point?" said Veronica.

"I will," answered Clara Morton.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A YOUNG LAD**  
AND  
**HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND.**

Ernest McGregor, of Whitby, Ont., Gives an Account of His Experience—Cured of Persistent Dyspepsia by B.B.B.

**WORST KIND OF DYSPEPSIA.**  
GENTLEMEN,—I write to inform you that for years I had been troubled with Dyspepsia, and having tried other medicines which entirely failed, I at last found relief and cure in Burdock Blood Bitters, of which I took two bottles, the result being a perfect cure. Although only a young lad I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for four or five years, but I can say now that B.B.B. does its work faithfully in the worst kind of dyspepsia, and has proved itself the only cure for me.

ERNEST MCGREGOR,  
Whitby, Ont.

She knew all about it.

That the representatives of the weaker sex never reach a conclusion by reasoning, but by intuition, was well illustrated a few days ago in one of the high schools.

The professor of natural philosophy had just completed a lecture on the "Forces of Cohesion and Adhesion." He had been extremely careful to explain the difference between the two, and in order to test the knowledge of the class upon the subject he asked a demure young lady on the front seat:

"Miss —, when you powder your face what is it that keeps the powder in place? What keeps it from falling off?"

The maiden, thoroughly startled at the question, seemed to be in doubt for a few moments, and then with sparkling eyes and animated countenance, made the remarkable answer: "Glycerine."

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**FARM IN GALLOWAY, RICHIBUCTO PARISH.**

I offer for sale, lots 72 and 73 in Galloway settlement, formerly occupied by one Henry McGachey. There is a dwelling house, and several acres cleared and under cultivation. The lots include some of the best hay land in the district.

Terms to suit purchaser.  
J. D. PHINNEY.  
Richibucto, Sept. 17th, 1894.

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I offer for sale the lot of land and premises in the Parish of Weldford, on the north side of the Richibucto River, containing one hundred and three acres, known as the Scotch Graham lot, adjoining the James Pine and Perkins' lots, and fronting on the River and the Post Road leading to Harcourt Station. The lot was formerly owned and occupied by the late Malcolm M. Kendrick, and by him conveyed to the late Robert Lawson. It is well situated and embraces a quantity of very fine land. A good title will be given.  
J. D. PHINNEY,  
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

**Farm for Sale!**

That valuable farm at Bass River, Kent Co., known as the Robert Brown farm, is offered for sale or rent.

The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.

There is a large first-class, two-story dwelling house, two large barns, one stage house, grainery and stable combined, and other out buildings. It is situated in the most thriving and popular part of Kent County, within two minutes walk of the post-office, where a daily mail is received, and quite close to the superior school and within half a mile of Mr. E. Walker's lumber and grist mills.

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